

THE « BRISBANE » SUN

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER—FOR THE BETTERMENT OF BRISBANE

Vol. 1, No. 15.

BRISBANE, CALIFORNIA

Saturday, August 5, 1933

TREAT FOR THE KIDDIES SATURDAY

Heigh-Ho, Brisbanites! Today and tonight the new Drug Store holds its official opening—and listen to this:

Free candy to each child accompanied by parents.

Free samples to adults.

A Pint Brick of Victor Ice Cream given Free with each purchase of 50c or over.

At the Soda Fountain, Mr. Jonas is featuring a Large glass of beer for 5 cents—and I mean big!

Come down to the store—meet the folks, see the nifty fixtures and the natty metal shelves. Look over the stock and special displays and pass the time of day with our genial Druggist and his smiling staff.

ANONYMOUS LETTER TO THE SUN

While The Sun usually ignores anonymous communications, and should, there's dirty work going on here somewhere—and a general clean-up seems to be desired. The three sons of Mr. Gull, who runs the Alma Market, are all fine young fellows, and are a worthy addition to the younger set in Brisbane. The letter follows:

Editor of Brisbane Sun:

Dear Sir—One of Brisbane's many needs is about to be filled.

"Jimmie" Gull, son of Mr. Gull, the storekeeper, has announced his intention to make a canvass of Brisbane home owners in the next week or two, to see how many customers he can sign for this much needed service.

"Jimmie" Gull says he can see big things ahead for Brisbane as evidenced by the recent spurt in building activities here.

The people should give this energetic young man some encouragement because this new enterprise will fill a long felt need in the community.

His equipment will consist of a wagon and two horses and he will collect garbage weekly or oftener if desired. The fee for this service will be very reasonable.

A little publicity on the part

BOY SCOUTS

By CHARLES GOSS,
Junior Assistant Scoutmaster

One of the Scout Laws is to be Helpful. So the Boy Scout troop are undertaking to collect tinfoil around the tract and send it to the clinics and free hospitals for the healing of children without money. When the boxes are placed in the stores, Brisbane people may help in this worthy cause by dropping their tinfoil into them—or turn it over to one of the Scouts. There is one example of this worthy work right here in Brisbane—one of our local boys may have to go to the Shriners hospital for treatment.

Another thing—the boys are trying to earn money for their registration dues, so if you can help them out by giving them odd jobs, you will be co-operating in the Scout movement.

What would you do if you saw a person drowning?

What would you do if you saw a man fall off a building?

What would you do if you were snake-bitten in the wilderness?

These are some of the questions the Boy Scouts will be asked when they join and we get the charter through.

The boys are working hard to get going, and have some fun showing their parents what they have learned since being in the Scouts.

of the "Brisbane Sun" would help "Jimmy" Gull very much in getting started as it would acquaint your readers with what he will be seeing them about in the next week or ten days.

Wishing him luck, Yours truly,

A BRISBANE BOOSTER.

Go to Jimmy—your Dad said to give you the works! The future of Brisbane in your eyes now will be more and more and more garbage. We would suggest that you start with one horse and gradually take on another as

SPORTS SLANTS

By WAYNE MOREFIELD
Olympic Club Long Distance Runner

Weekly Short Story—"My fighter is over-rated"—Manager. They should move to Hollywood.

Freddy Heimach, left hander of the Brooklyn Dodgers, is headed for an all-time ineffective pitching record this year. Heimach recently allowed twenty-two runs in three innings (not games).

After hitting safely in sixty-one consecutive games to establish a new Pacific Coast record, Joe Maggio's batting streak was halted by young Ed Walsh. Spaghetti is Joe's favorite food.

Jumping Joe Savoldi, former Notre Dame football star, and Ed Don George, climaxed their match Thursday night with a double knockout after both claimants for the world's wrestling championship crashed head on, and fell unconscious in the center of the ring. Both were carried to the dressing rooms and the bout declared a draw. That's what we would call using their heads.

Modified Marathon—Sponsored by a fire at Hayward's Hardware Store. Runners entered: Brisbane Volunteer Fire Department.

About twenty Firemen broke the tape at the same time, in less than four minutes. Give them more equipment—they have the speed.

the garbage accumulates. And if the Utilities Board gives you too much competition, overcharge 'em and buy another wagon for the second horse—then another horse for the first wagon—and so on—we wish to encourage all growing businesses in Brisbane. But we didn't think the Gulls would hover around the garbage business so soon. That's what you call a trust—selling us the groceries, then driving around to take 'em back almost before they're hauled. Playing both ends against the middle, Jimmy.

'NEW DEAL' DANCE AT SOCIAL CLUB HALL THIS EVENING

Tonight, Saturday, there will be a 'New Deal' Dance at Social Club Hall. One of the features is a 25c admission price for gentlemen, and the admission of ladies free. Refreshments will be available at a nominal price, and good music will add to the enjoyment of those tripping the light fantastic.

FRANK MEYERS ARRESTED HERE

Last Tuesday, Frank Soules, known in Brisbane as Frank Meyers, was taken in custody by Deputy Sheriff Richards, on orders from County authorities. It is said that Mr. Soules was somewhat under the influence of liquor, and in resisting arrest both parties suffered several bruises. Mr. "Soules, alias Meyers," as he is booked on the docket, as confined in South City and later moved to the jail at Redwood City. His hearing was held yesterday morning before Judge Johnson of Daly City. A number of pending charges are booked against him, as well as those occasioned by the fracas in Brisbane.

AMERICAN LEGION HOLDS BENEFIT FOR PRIZE FUNDS

A week ago Saturday night the Brisbane Legion held an enjoyable dance with an admission price of only 15 cents, the proceeds of which were all devoted to paying off the youngsters who won in the athletic events held on July Fourth. A nice sum was realized and all the kiddies were made happy by receiving their awards according to the list made up by the judges.

As an added attraction, each attendant at this affair received a brown ticket admitting them free to another party on the following Wednesday night, when another good time was enjoyed and a few additional nickels garnered. This is the happy ending to our recent celebration.

THE BRISBANE SUN

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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Editor and Publisher

MRS. L. M. CONVERSE

Circulation Manager

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OUR LETTER BOX

Many words of commendation have been expressed to this office regarding our editorial of last week on the heart and soul of the P.T.A. One commentator said: Your editorial was great—constructive criticism—inspirational in the highest degree. I am sure the better element in our community will realize that now, in mid-season it is most timely, and free from anything that might smack of personalities. I believe our people will get much of value from that editorial, and will be inspired to dig deeper into the real values such an organization offers in the making of a better citizenship. However, we have received two anonymous written communications which are reproduced herein. One of them misses the point of the editorial entirely. No other organization was commented on in a critical spirit—the P.T.A. was the theme of the story, and we are submitting the editorial to prominent P.T.A. workers in various sections for their reaction.

The Sun expects this editorial to be just as true and just as fair and just as constructively inspiring months from today as it is intended to be now, and we have full confidence that a more careful reading of it will furnish food for some constructive thinking.

The rule of all newspapers is that communications to the paper must be signed, "not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith."

However, as these two contributors from Brisbane are earnest, we are laying aside the well known waste basket practice, and publishing them in full. In fact, properly written and signed articles to this department are always welcome.

Arthur Gledhill:
Editor of the Brisbane Sun.

Sir: In the response to the editorial of the "Dittos" of last

week. Many of the organizations you speak of, (as there is no firemen's auxiliary,) we're organized only for the recreation possibilities they possessed.

They scold at women for dropping their eyes from that goal of betterment of something to get a little kick out of life, even if it is cards or of talking of children.

Have not these women enough tasks to keep their courage up these trying days without a mere man, or editor ranting and raving over the form of recreation, she may desire she likes? Does she not work hard enough keeping these unfinished homes and doing their best she can without being more discouraged by editorials slamming the organization she holds dear to her heart?

Did you ever try to put yourself in her place. Does she not also deserve a let down; and a laughing group is the best place she can find to ease the strain of hurried nerves.

Those organizations may some day mean a lot to Brisbane, tho they do jog along easily now. Give them time, money is scarce and its hard to force head without some anyway.

The social club has filled a great need here by supplying a hall for the meetings.

The other clubs I know nothing of but they must be of some value or they would not exist, of the auxiliary of the Fire Dept. (of which there is no such a thing as yet.) Are not the husbands striving hard enough for a goal? Without the ladies pulling some other directions. They are a happy laughing group of women who are almost husbandless for the generosity the men show in giving their time to the district and if those women could succeed in keeping friend hubby happy and help keep his courage up in the strife that he has had to stand in. She is doing her share. A laugh even if the laugh is on them, give them a Break. and did you know that the P.T.A. had to pay the speakers it asked

to come out to this little unit last year.

Money is scarce there too, my dear. And as for whists and dances for money raising can you suggest better? Suggestions suggested in the constructive light are always acceptable, and often tried where sarcasm is disregarded for the use is nothing.

And men are always invited to the P.T.A.'s. It is not only for women. Why not run down and listen in on some of them and I'm sure that you will find philanthropy and whists are not the only topic of discussion.

A Brisbane ite.

One whose Subscription has expired and will not be renewed.

Arthur Gledhill,

Editor of the Brisbane Sun;

Sir: Did you stop to think that there are those who are thankful that there was a citizens relief last winter?

That the social club has at least filled on requirement? A hall for the use of large groups of Brisbane.

That the Catholic Ladies Club means a great deal to those who sponsor it?

The Ladies Fire Auxiliary has done well to keep up the courage of those boys who so generously donate their time. And that's a lot even if the laugh has always been on them. The world also laughs with them.

That the P.T.A. does really talk of something besides whists and philanthropy? If you don't believe it go to the meetings men are also members of P.T.A.'s. But the P.T.A. must pay the speakers at least one dollar and money is scarce there too.

And last but not least one word of sympathy and encouragement is worth a ton of sarcasm in the light of construction is worth more than a gold mine. Why?

Encouragement is worth its weight in gold. It gives new spirit and new inspiration.

Suggestions given rightly are usually tried and if a success well you know your self what that means. (A bigger one to try.)

Where's your suggestion to raise money besides whists and dances? We all love new ideas.

Signed.

JUST A WOMEN.

Particularly, the Sun is desirous of "news." The proceedings and activities of all organizations have been solicited to appear in this paper. We have difficulty in getting this news whereas

other communities appreciate the publicity given by their local newspaper, and a special courtesy committee sends the newspaper a letter expressing this at the end of the term.

To quote from the editorial: "As we glance over this list of P.T.A. activities we note that not in a single instance has One of these items ever been forwarded or reported on to the public in the more than 50 column inches of publicity given freely to the P.T.A. during last term."

Surely the P.T.A. has not intentionally been hiding their light under a bushell!

To quote further:

"Just what is Brisbane Unit doing and planning to do, as an 'Educational organization'? The Sun is ready to offer you the widest use of its columns in the furtherance of such work."

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Our Roamin' Reporter

The Roamin' Reporter in the course of this week's roamin' thanks the subscribing public for their graciousness and hospitality, with a little tete, a tete and anon a refreshing cup of tea.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Carlson of Hayward spent the week-end with the Morefields on Mendocino street. The Carlsons say that Brisbane remains them of a cove in the South Sea Islands.

Mrs. Converse is enjoying a week-end visit from Mrs. Cecelia Reese, who is doing a little shopping in the city before resuming her duties in the schoolroom near Watsonville.

Mrs. A. E. Rice was hostess at the Friday-afternoon Bridge Club last week, serving a dainty lunch that included ice cream.

Mrs. A. B. Stout and sons Earl and Lester took in the Rodeo at Salinas last week and saw the boys pull leather and bulldog the steers.

In the beautiful garden of Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Lyons, on Sierra Point Road, in which were counted sixty-six varieties of beautiful colored plants and flowers, and in its midst a cozy home, there's a cute little play house—in it are dolls, books, miniature furniture. All to make a child happy, and the proud possessor is little Miss Grace Lyons. In it she spends the hours with her playmates, and as the day fades into night, she bids dolly good night, takes a loving glance backwards at the playhouse, wanders through the winding paths bordered by flowers into the big house, there to sleep the sweet hours following a happy day. All children have Grace's wish that they, too, may some day have a real playhouse in a bower garden.

We are happy to see the smiling countenance again, of Mrs. F. Lamont, after a two weeks' vacation at Camp Meeker, Sonoma County, with her daughter, Mrs. J. Hausmann.

Mrs. Fredericks, President of Brisbane P.T.A. unit, wishes to express her appreciation to the different committees for their co-operation, also to the general public for their donations generously given on the occasion of

the benefit whist and dance given on July 27th, which was a big success.

Mr. P. A. Lyons reports business improving on the S. P. In fact, it is fortunate that he has about completed his registering work for Brisbane voters, as a few double shifts have hit him on his regular employment—thanks to Roosevelt! he says. May the good work continue.

A noted visitor, Mr. B. W. Bears, of Benbow, Humboldt Co., is spending a week's vacation at the home of his niece, Mrs. J. H. Franks, of Humboldt Road.

An attractive addition to the home of J. W. Anderton, of San Bonito Road is quite noticeable.

Mrs. Rofferty, Mr. and Mrs. F. Kuhlmann, and father, also Mr. Spaulding, motored last week end to Schmidt's Grove near Portola among the Redwoods. Mrs. Rofferty for years was a teacher of art, and has now retired to the beauty of Brisbane overlooking the Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Kinney had a chummy time motoring to Santa Cruz last week, and on the return trip accumulated a sizeable load of fruit.

A notable event transpiring last week in S. F. was the social party and whist of Geo. Thomas Circle, Ladies' of the G. A. R. Mrs. Jack Kinney of Brisbane is a Past President of this Circle, and her presence at this party was just like going back home.

No report to the public of Brisbane has been received from our School Trustee, Mr. Jack Wheeler since he has been in office, but rumors have come of a belated effort to supply Brisbane's needs of better school facilities, and it is hoped Mr. Wheeler will be able to present our needs to his colleagues in a way that will bring effective action. The summer is passing and progress should have begun last spring. A suggestion coming to the Sun urges the need of a kindergarten for the little tots.

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IT FLOATS

By IVORY

Al Poes, all set to ship to the South Seas, had an unfortunate auto accident, which kept him in court while the boat sailed away. So, after all, he is still "at sea."

Bill Blank, at the new drug store stands behind everything he sells—even the Fountain of Youth, in the northwest corner of the store. That's a guarantee for you! Give the beer more steam, Bill.

"Fill and cover"—that's nature's way, says Mr. Uhl, anent the garbage question.

Frances Lohett has returned from the hospital after a minor operation. She came out Weller.

The drunk who ran into Al Poes' car paid for the repairs—but flying glass had ripped Al's coat sleeve out. We say Al should have brought "suit."

What does Heywood know about the grocery business, and the new sales tax? He says they are not adding a cent to the cheese.

The kids were reading about the new marquee at the drug store, and one of them asked Mr. Jonas if he could sell as little as a nickel's worth. Wow!

Some citizen of Brisbane who carelessly emptied his gun in the gutter, didn't realize how near death he brought two of our brave fire laddies—Asst. Chief Van Kirk, and J. Grigsby. While burning the grass in the gutters the other day these shells exploded, and missed the boys only by a hair and a whistle. There's a lesson to be learned here—that the guilty party might have had to shell out considerably more; and that youngsters shouldn't be allowed to play in the gutters.

In another column John Lohett writes a stirring plea in defense of the "wild life" of Brisbane. Hootcha!

Visitor to Yellowstone National Park—Great jumpin' Jimsonweed, what in thunder do these people mean by lettin' all this geyser water escape? Why don't they call a plumber and have it fixed?

PROGRAMS ON KYA

SUNDAY, AUG. 6

8:15 a.m.—Christian Science.
8:30—Sabbath Reveries.
9:30—Spanish Fancies.
10—Village Boys.
10:30—Three-Four Melodies.
10:45—Musical Strings.
11—Old St. Mary's Church serv.
12 noon—Organ; Paraders.
1 p.m.—Waltz Idylls; Opera at 2
3:30—Chamber Group.
4 p.m.—Royal Serenaders.
4:30—Symphony Concert.
5:30—Violin Masters.
6 p.m.—Evening Lullaby.
6:15—Radio Forum.
6:30—Sacred Hour; 7:30, Opera.
8:30 to 11 p.m.—Concert Mem.

MONDAY, AUG. 7

7:30 a.m. to 12—Music and Talks.
12 noon—Scriptures; Music.
12:30—Organ Recital (Vincent)
1 p.m.—Concert; NBC piano duo
1:45—Modern Maestros.
2 p.m.—P.T.A. Lecture.
2:15—Royal Serenaders.
2:45—Glen Goff, Organist.
3:45—Hotel St. Regis Orchestra.
4 p.m.—Music Masters.
5—Recorded Program.
5:45—Campbell Digest.
6—Paraders; 6:15, Radio Forum.
6:30—Waltz Idylls.
6:45—"Eb and Zeb"
7—Paraders; Ethel Waters, singer.
7:30—Hawaiians.
8 p.m.—Mountain Boys.
8:15—Eugene Mancini, tenor.
8:30—Bob Allen, piano soloist.
8:45—Tango Time; News.
9:15—Jr. Chamber of Commerce.
9:30—Musical Novelties; Organ.
11 to 12 mid.—Concert Memories

TONIGHT
**NEW DEAL
DANCE**
SOCIAL CLUB HALL
SATURDAY NIGHT

LADIES FREE
Gentlemen 25c

HEARSAY

In every town, in every street,
In nearly every house you meet
A little imp, who wriggles in
With half a sneer and half a grin,
And climbs upon your rocking-
chair.

Or creeps upon you anywhere;
And when he gets you very near,
Just whispers something in your
ear—

Some rumor of another's shame,
And "Little Hearsay" is his name.

He never really claims to know—
He's only heard that it is so;
And then he whispers it to you,
So you will go and whisper, too.
For if enough is passed along
The rumor, even though it's
wrong—

If John tells Henry, Henry—Joe,
And Joe tells Mary, Mary—Flo,
And Flo tells Mildred, Mildred—
Ruth,
It very soon may pass for truth.

You understand, this little elf,
He doesn't say he knows himself.
He doesn't claim it's really true—
He only whispers it to you,
Because he knows you'll go and
tell

Some other whisperer as well;
And so before the setting sun
He gets the devil's mischief done,
And there is less of joy and good
Around your little neighborhood.

Look out for "Hearsay" when he
sneaks
Inside the house—when slander
speaks

Just ask the proof in every case;
Just ask the name and date and
place;
And if he says he only heard,
Declare you don't believe a word.
And tell him you will not repeat
The silly chatter of the street—
However gossips smile and smirk,
Refuse to do their devil's work.

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ROAMIN' IN THE WOODS

(Apologies to Harry Lauder)

Offtimes when in a troubled
state of mind I light my pipe and
for an hour or two wander thru
the Brisbane woods above High-
land Park.

Here, in the shelter of the
friendly baywoods and scrub oaks
I gaze around upon a variety of
Nature's handiwork. The tangled
underbrush, wild ivy and black-
berry briars put up a barrier in
a seeming endeavor to ward off
the human intruder. A frightened
cottontail scurries through the
brush on my approach. Wild life
is not plentiful here. A hawk
soars away through the treetops.
A curious little wren alights
within ten or fifteen feet and re-
gards me with bright, wondering
little eyes. Some promiscuous
shooting has been going on in
these parts, and I would plead
with you all to abstain from this.
Let us not destroy what little wild
life there is, and besides, a stray
shot might injure a strolling ad-
mirer of nature.

One would hardly look for
roses here; but there is a wild
bush with five roses, and a fra-
grance as exquisite for its size as
any American Beauty. Lupin,
Yarrow and scattered buttercups
present variety to the eye. Yon-
der Poison Oak in its serpentine
climb reminds one of its human
counterpart that parasitically tries
to strangle all that is noble and
worthwhile.

Legend has it that these woods
furnished a rendezvous for Joa-
quin Murietta, one of California's
picturesque pioneer bandits. The
great oak with its long horizon-
tal bough still stands, on which
tradition says he hanged his vic-
tims. Rumor has it that here
somewhere he cached part of his
ill-gotten gain. Who knows, but
some day a wanderer here may
unearth his pirate hoard.

A ramble through these woods
brings to my mind the rhyme I
learned in the little red school-
house back in Illinois:

"Ah me, those pleasant childhood
days,
In youthful fancies wild;
Roaming through pleasant wood-
ed dells,
A careless, happy child."

My pipe has gone out, and I
must bid me back to the work-a-
day world again.

JOHN LOHETT.

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